HERE LIFE MAY BE SEEN.

FRENCH RESTAURANT WHERE ILL THE WORLD MIX AND DINE. It Began on a Modest Scale and Then Some

tinh Men Discovered It-Its Varied County Sunday Feasting by Musical Artists Like a New York in Miniature. Not far from where they have taken down the and year stones of the University building to supplant them with a taller monument of steel granite, is a restaurant where some time in their lives all New Yorkers dine; some daily, some weekly, some two or three times a year perhaps. That means, of course, all New Yorkers who done, as distinguished from those who

eat dinner. The difference ranges from ten

ears ago some club men who care for dinper, who have that intelligent appreciation of ning which leads them to consider dinner the one important event of the day to which all events, such as births, marriages, and deaths, the making and losing of fortunes, soand professional struggles, are mere inclsome of these men discovered a little French hotel which had the advantage of a small patronage that demanded good things to eat well cooked, which had a proprietor who endeavored to meet this demand, and who was assisted in his efforts by a chef of learning and great judgment. These intelligent diners learned that on the days following the arrival of the French steamers they could find there, properly cooked, French sole, enails, and many other things which could not be had clsewhere. They learned that the chef of that little hotel was an adept in the delightful possibilities of that kind of casserole he calls cocotte;" that not only could a chicken be reduced to a delightful dish in the red earthenware cocotte, but that therein also a steak (you had better take the tenderloin thus, for the sirloin does not do so well) could be treated in a

way which induces one to think well of men.

almost as well as of three-year-old steers. This was many years ago. These discoveries spread the fame of the little French hotel and its adorable chef. Other men who cared to dine well went thither, until the accommodations afforded by the one modest during room were increased by the addition of a second room, a third, a new house, a garden, until now there are seven large dining rooms and one small priwate room on the first floors of the several houses which have been grouped into one hotel. One is new and has an all-glass side. That was, until within a year, a garden, used for dining room purposes only in summer. In another room you notice a sudden rise in the ceiling, that was an old conservatory where years ago a private owner smoked his after-dinner cigar, perhaps, and the part with the lower ceiling was the back yard where the clear stump was thrown. Drawing rooms, libraries, sitting rooms, all, one after the other, have been used for the one purpose which brings the crowds there, until only a small café, an antercom, and a little cubby hole of an office remain uninvaded by the diners. The first heralds of the fame of the little French hotel have, many of them, ceased to enjoy the distinction of existence; the original

excellence of his sauces, broils no more for others, but all New York continues to dine, now and then, in the seven rooms of the old-fashned hotel. Old-fashioned in many ways, although smart Old-fashioned in many ways, although smart with the smartness of the very latest fashions in others. On the walls of the corridors you see bills of the sailing of French steamers, things which in modern hotels are relegated to the baggage room; in one room there are pictures and miniature reproductions of the Eiffel tower, a kind of ornamentation popular in small country hotels; in the cafe the dame du comptoire thats with the absinthe drinkers and the domino players, and is not the haughty sphinx who makes change for your walter further up town. The waiters are permitted to wear moustaches, and in many such ways the appearance and conduct of the hotel are those which would amaze and shock if observed above Twenty-third street.

proprietor has also joined the majority, and his son rules in his place; the old chef, despite the

amaze and shock if observed above Twenty-third street.

But the diners! This last decade of the nineteenth century has produced nothing in fashion which they do not exploit for an admiring and discriminating observation. Not all of them, to be sure, and there lies one of the chiefest charms of an evening at l'Hôtel de Blank, aside from the dinner itself, of course.

That dinner, table d'hote, costs-you \$1.25 if, besides, you order wine. If you do not order wine it costs \$1.50, but it is not of record that any one has ever baid \$1.50 for a dinner there alone. A dinner A la carte costswell, what you like—\$1 or \$1.90. But this story is not about the dinner itself. Just as good a dinner is served, doubtless, in scores of other hotels and restaurants for the same price. Since the fame of this place was made there have been established plenty of places where you can find everything to eat that can be bought not only in the markets of New York, but the markets of any place in the world from which sail ships with rerigerators. That it serves fresh fish, flesh, fowl, and yegotables from distant lands, can never sgrap be a monage.

evening. One was a Boston woman, the other western, possibly New York, except that the half world of this city contains so few New York women. The Boston woman wore a hat which, on a pink-checked, tip-tilted-nosed girl, would have looked so fluffy that the feathers would have seemed to be sailing off into space. On her bead it looked demure. She was dark, demure in manner, severe in appearance almost. The other wore a bonnet of the kind which consists of a few beads and a fastening. She was blond, vivacious, and inclined to be intense. Through oysters, soup, and fish she had the undivided attention of the five men. With the roust size had three out of the five men attentively listening to her remarks on the opera season, and when the place tortoni was served she had captured them all.

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had three out of the five men attentively listening to her remarks on the opera season, and when the place tortoni was served she had captured them all.

"It is amazing," said a man who had watched this little play as he smoked, "how these Boston women succeed in this sort of thing in New York. I guess it's because they are so monstrously quiet. Clever, eh? Oh, yes, clever to be so subdued in manner. It's very fetching."

It would be interesting to know, if any one has an explanation to make, why at the restaurant of the Hotel de Blank there are always to be seen dining two or three or more architects and civil engineers. You might go there a dozen Sundgys and see never adoctor or a lawyer, but the architects and engineers are always well represented. Is there something in their professions that creates mental and physical appetites which only the surroundings and cuisine of that sort of placesastisfy? Their dinners are usually of the stag order, but they seem to know plenty of the doe diners, to some of whom they speak to some of whom they do not. They add to the variety of the place, and that is now its chief attraction. That is what makes the restaurant a favorite place for New Yorkers to take visiting friends. Of course it would not do to take all sorts and conditions of friends there; some might not understand. But a man or woman even from the country, or from Philadelphia, who is capable, when the opportunity occurs, of seeing life wholly and seeing it well, is sure to enjoy and appreciate that restaurant. A young city couple had such visitors were a distinguished-hooking gray-haired couple, man and wife. Their hook and hostess may not have told them everything they could about the surrounding crowds, but they evidently told them enough to give a correct inclination to the part left to the imagination, and the enjoyment of the visitors was manifest and rational.

"It's a miniature New York shown in seven rooms," the gray-haired man was overheard to remark. It is seen thing like that; a miniature of a fran

inurants in San Francisco. It was a restaurant where a vast understanding of humanity was necessary for success, and it was successful. But the proprietor gambled, he lost his restaurant one night out of the mouth of a dice box. He is again a waiter, and taking tips from some-certainty he took from one-who have seen him in his prosperous days himself ordering a hundred-dollar dinner with much discretion, but indifference to cost. There is a piace he should occupy in that restaurant; it should be made for him. He should be appointed steward of the anteroom. There he could exercise his great and well-trained judgment in excluding from seats some who should not dine there. Not objectionable characters; they do not bother. They know they would not be entertained there, and do not apply. But here is an instance: A bridal couple entered last Sunday evening, and after a half hour's wait in the anteroom were accommodated with a table next to a very gay party which had been dining long enough to feel the effect of their champagne. There were two men and two women in the party, and while their conversation was not loud, scraps of it floated over to the bride's table, and she was so overcome by amazement: at the could not eather dinner. She did not look shocked, but she did look as if she was wondering whether she ought not to be shocked.

A FURRED POACHER AND THIEF. The Mink's Ability to Destroy Trout,

Habbits, Muskrats, and Chickens. ROULETTE, Pa., Feb. C.-Mink skins, after having had no marketable value for years, are once more somewhat in demand by furriers at a fair price. When other furs drove mink entirely out of the market, twenty years and more ago and reduced the value of the pelts from \$5 and even \$8 apiece to almost nothing, trapping for this active little fur-bearer practically ceased and minks are now as plentiful as they were along the streams. It was a good thing for the mink that fashion placed its fur under the ban, for its race was almost extinguished.

"As it is now, though," a McKean county trapper declares, "if the old prices for mink fur should come back I could make \$50 a night easy. Minks are trapped in the ordinary steel jaw and pan traps. Sometimes a mink will be caught by its fore feet in a trap so that it can get at them with its teeth, and then it will invariably gnaw the imprisoned feet and escape. Sometimes muskrats caught in traps like this will also gnaw off their fore feet. The mink's feet will always be found lying on the ground by the trap, but the muskrat's severed

A REAL PHILANTHROPIST.

THE GOOD DEEDS OF A WELL-KNOWN GEORGIAN TUREMAN.

The Unknown Benefactor of Two Orpha Girls Who Grew to He Lovely Women-He Has Never Seen Either of Them, but May See Them Before Ho Dies.

Nobody would have suspected "Old Man" f having any semiment in his composition. He was regarded by the score or more of Northerners who were at all familiar with him as an open-hearted, hospitable Georgian who was fond of owning a race horse that could win a few races, and who took great delight in seeing his favorites gallop home in advance of their competitors every year at Monmouth Park. The old man had been in the livery and horse business for many years in a prominent Georgjan town, and was tolerably well to do. He had never married, and therefore he had only himself to please.

The plainly dressed, quaint spoken little man in the suit of gray was for many years an unob-trusive figure at Monmouth Park's meetings, and but few of the thousands who bet on his thoroughbreds, which ran in his name, knew the owner of these animals by sight. He appeared to be content to spend a placid eleven months in Georgia and then to give way to a month of pleasure at Long Branch, where he met con genial spirits. He was unutterably happy in the society of his Northern friends, and said upon his departure for home each season that the intervening eleven months would pass away all too slowly for him.

When Monmouth Park closed its gates, some how his interest in racing seemed to wane, and he has sent fewer horres to the post, although he has always had something in training. He has not been on a race course in the vicinity o New York in some years. During all the time he spent in the North nobody ever heard him mention a woman's name, but a golden deed in which the little man appears in the light of a philanthropist has just come to light. The war was over and he was sitting in the door of hi was over and he was sitting in the door of his stable in Augusta one morning when a friend, a doctor, passed by. After exchanging salutations, the physician said: "Poor John—hasn't come home, and now I'm afraid his wife is going to die and leave them two little girls. She's very low this morning."

The good doctor returned the same evening, bringing the intelligence that the woman was dead and the little girls, aged 5 and 3 years, were orphans.

were orphaus. "Twould be a great thing for some good man

were orphans.

"Twould be a great thing for some good man to adopt one of those girls," said the doctor.

"I'll take 'em both," said the horseman, and take them he did. The doctor was bound to secreey and the children were sent to a boarding school. It was stipulated that all moneys for their support should be paid through the plysician, and that the girls should never know the name of their benefactor. As the years passed by the girls grew to womanhood and were sent to Vasar to complete their education. Their guardian had never seen them, but the doctor assured him that they were a credit to him, and oftentimes pleaded with the old man to make himself known to them and pay them a visit.

This he steadfastly refused to do, saying, "What would young women of society care for an old man like me?"

Time passed on, and the physician died, but feeling that death would absolve him from his promise he had communicated with the young women and told them whom they had to thank for their education and support. They wrote a most touching letter to their guardian asking permission to visit him, but he was so timid that he put them off until he could give the matter further consideration.

About a year later he was waited upon one day by a smart-looking young man of 30 who introduced himself as a lawyer in a well-known New York firm. The visitor explained his errand in a few words and asked for the hand of the elder of the sisters. It was a novel situation. Here was a young man he had never seen before asking for the hand of a ward whom he had never seen, and for the first time in all the years the responsibility of the situation dawned upon him. He made some inquiries concerning the young lawyer, found that he was as he had represented

of the situation dawned upon him. He made some inquiries concerning the young lawyer, found that he was as he had represented himself to be, and gave his consent to the marriage. He would not come to New York to see the ceremony, but there was no costlier gift on the list of presents than that which bore the card of the plain old Georgia horseman. He had a like experience a few years since, and now there are extra inducements for the old man to visit New York.

COOKING IN THE GUITER.

Great Things Bone by a National Guards man With a Tin Dish and Bonfire.

There is an officer in the Seventh Regiment who is noted among his friends for his taste in the matter of cookery. He is the person always applied to when there is a doubt in the minds of his friends as to the merits of a dish. He has been known to send back an order three times at Delmonico's, and, what is more to the point, compel the chef to admit that his action was justified. He can explain without hesitation the quantities as well as the nature of all the ingredients necessary in preparing an oyster cocktail or a partridge à la casserole, and not

THEIRS AN HONORABLE CAREER

The A. D. Farmer & Son Type Founding Company.

The Oldest Type Founding House in this Country-A Splendid Victory Over the Trust-Why Publishers and Printers Supported This Bellable Firm in Their Fight Against a Giant Monopoly-Over Ninety Years in the Trade Character-istics of Members of the Firm Which Have Contributed to the Success of the

Among the many reliable old business concerns of New York there is none which can boast of a more honorable career or a higher standing in the commercial world than the widely known type-founding house of A. D. Farmer & Son, which was established ninetyme years ago in Hartford, Conn., removing ten years later to the broader field offered to enterprising industries in the young metropolis. In financial storm and sunshine the past ninety years this substantial old house has prospered and grown with the progress of the nation. No business enterprise can exist and thrive during so long a period unless the methods pursued by its promoters are upright and honorable, and the policy followed by this famous house toward its patrons has always been such as to win their confidence, friendship, and respect. THE SUN has been a customer of the house for more than two generations, and has never had cause for | political economy maintain that it is good busi-

great establishment. Farmer & Son respect the rights of their employees, and their example night be followed with credit and profit by many large employers whose treatment of their workmen suggests the thought that they regard them as human chattels, and not as fellow beings



A. D. FARMER. possessing sensibilities, ideas, and ambitions Some of the best-known writers on themes of



complaint or reason to regret any business transaction made with the concern.

It was in May, 1892, that the old firm of Farmr. Little & Co. was dissolved, and the business passed under the control of the A. D. Farmer & Son Type Founding Company. About this time a plan was projected to organize a gigantic trust of all the large type-founding concerns of the country, and a strong effort was made by the progenitors of the scheme to coerce A. D. Farmer & Son to enter the combination. Tempting offers and thanks alike failed to influence thest honorable business men. To become party to a scheme of this kind was contrary to the traditions of the house. Neither A. D. Farmer, the venerable and widely respected head of the concern, nor his son, William W. Farmer, an energetic business man with "old school" notions of fair dealing and honest competition, believe in monopoli s, and they deter mined to wage war on the type-founding trust. As was anticipated, a battle royal resulted; but their sturdy opposition to the trust and its monopolistic methods secured for their house the increased good will of the craft throughout the country, and they won a splendil victory. Not being in the type-founders' combination, this firm is free to push its business in its own way, unhampered by boards of inexperienced diand the managers of the business, ow ing to their long experience and familiarity with every branch of the trade, are fully able to maintain the creditable position the house has always held in the business marts.

If any one attribute has aided more than another in the success of this house, it has been its independence. The men who conduct the business have ever been self-reliant, not over-consclous of their abilities, but always ready and willing to meet their competitors in the open to their plant that the firm have been able to market and let the best man and method win. Since the change was made in the firm new | at Chicago, Detroit, and San Francisco, Some

ness policy for an employer to treat an employee fairly. The cheerfulness that permeates the atmosphere in Farmer & Son's big plant seems to demonstrate the correctness of such an asaumption.

Besides the plant in this city, the firm has branch establishments in several of the larger cities of the country. The twelve patent type casting and perfecting machines at their Phila



delphia foundry excite special wonder, and it is by the constant addition of improved machinery defy competition as well as to maintain branches

WILLIAM W. PARMER.



INTERIOR OF THE BUSINESS OFFICE,

minkers in the market in the m business methods have been introduced and the | idea of the volume of business transacted may for Continuing IIIs Sport.

A cheerful example of ingenuity in "making ready these improvements have begun to bear firm have upward of 10,000 regular customers on fruit. Owing to the great increase in business it became necessary soon after the change to add 5,000 feet of floor space to the already large establishment on Beekman street. The lower floor and basement of the building have been appropriated and are now so fully occupied that the wonder is how the business was formerly conducted without the extra space. Our artist has drawn a very good picture of the buildings occupied by the concern in this city, the main building, as will be seen, being six stories high. The walls enclosing these large structures har-bor a veritable hive of industry during business hours, and, should trade develop it the ratio it has increased during the past two years, before '96 shall have passed into history the company will be compelled to add several stories to their buildings or remove the plant to more commodious quarters elsewhere. Before the alterations were made it was necessary to climb a flight of stairs to reach the business office and salesroom; customers now enter from the sidewalk on Beekman street, and find themselves at once in a large and elegantly appointed office and show room, which is quite cleverly shown in the accompanying illustration. Here can be found samples of everything sold by the house -printing presses, cabinets, paper cut-ters, and all the tools of the trade. The A. D. Farmer & Son Type Founding Company employ about 300 persons, and since the house was established, over ninety years ago, the firm has never had any trouble with their workmen on the question of wages or hours of labor, a rare indication competition, and from motives of self-interest, of the good feeling that reigns throughout the

their books, and among them are many of the largest consumers of type and printing materials, like Tun Sun and other great newspapers. In their fight against the trusts the firm have



and printers. It is a dangerous thing to stiffe

the craft have supported the Farmer Type founding Company in the contest; happily, senti ment and the great popularity of the house in fluenced their trade friends in a large degree.

To our way of thinking, there is no career more praiseworthy than a business success wor by straightforward methods. That no stain or blemish mars the lustre of the name of Farmer & Son is certainly creditable to the house, and cannot be too highly commended. The person ality of the members of the firm should be esting subject matter for comment: Agree D. Farmer, the present head of the firm, is the oldest type founder living, and he still takes an active part in the business, and his judgment is as keen as during the prime of his active and highly successful life. His son, William W. Farmer, now devotes his

time to the financial end of the business although he is a practical typefounder, having served a number of years under his father's instruction and guidance. The younger Mr. Farmer is a thorough-going man of affairs and a very agreeable gentleman. He can count his friends mong newspaper men and printers by the hundreds, and his genial self is always velcomed in business office or editorial den. Mr. Farmer is a club man and be-longs to several of the most prominent social organizations of the city. The business manager of the concern is Richard McKay, who has been with the house from boyhood, and rose to his present desirable and responsible position brough merit and ability. Mr. McKay has the details of the vast business at his finger's ends, and is well known to the craft as a gentleman at once courteous and energetic. Mr. McKay is member of the State militia and his training as a citizen soldier has been of value to him in his business career. The artistic beauty of many of the designs in type shown in the specimen books furnished by the house to patrons delights the soul of a practical printer. Mr. Farmer showed us an advertisment for the firm consisting of one line extending across the bottom of a page in a trade journal. The work was done in the office by the firm's designer, and it was so neat and attractive, and withal such a har-monious blending of the types, rules, and scroll lines, that to excel it seems without the range of human possibilities. The type now used on Tax SUN is from this well-known house, and its clear, sharp, readable appearance reflects great credit on the concern, and affords relief to those who may have the misfortune to read newspapers now printed from other than movable types, When the dress was first used several months ago many of the contemporaries of The Sun commented on its handsome appearance, and since then the A. D. Farmer & Son Type Founding Co. have received orders for this style of type from all parts of the country. The main usiness office of this concern is at Nos. 63 and 65 Beekman street. New York, but patrons will eive the same courteous treatment at Chicago, San Francisco, or Detroit. - Ade.

WHITTIER'S LOVE EPISODE. Chough She Did Not Marry Him, She Remained Single and Kept His Secret,

From the Springfield Republican.

FLOODS OF MANUSCRIPTS

TEN BOOKS PUBLISHED, ONB HUNDRED ARE SUPERESSED.

Every Publisher a Bear on the Novel Mar het A Little Theology Pairly Profitable - Nearly All Postry Berlines The Profits of Authors Works Very Soon Forgotten,

There is sometimes a disposition to blame pullabers for the great number of useless books that annually come from the press, but for ien books published nearly 100 are suppressed by obdurate publishers. Of 100 manuscript books sent unrequested to the publishers of this city more than 90 per cent, are rejected by the house o which they are first sent, and probably more than 75 per cent, never find a publisher. One general publishing house accepts only two per sent, of the unsolicited manuscripts received, and a partner in another firm, is of the opinion that but per cent, of all manuscript books once rejected never see the light.

Ferhaps reventy per cent of all manuscript books are condemned as hopeless by the first reader to whom they are sent. Many are condemned, and rightly, after having been read only in small part. The reader dips in here and there when the first few chapters seem to condemon book, and, if the thing does not improve he makes a report of unconditional disapproval The first reader sometimes commends a book, but suggests material changes. It then goes to another, and perhaps another, and finally is consistered from the business point of view as to its probable salability. If it is deemed salable, the suggested changes are presented to the author, and after they are nade perhaps the book is accepted and perhaps it is not. A novel recently sent to a conspicuous publishing house of this city was enthusiastically commended by the first render, severely criticised by the second, and not condemned by the third. It was then sent back to the author, with the suggestion that he make several radical hanges, cut it down one-fourth, and resubmit the manuscript. He did all this, and the publishers finally declined to publish the book. The whole transaction accusied about eight months. When a manuscript is approved by the readers

and by the publisher the terms that the latter offers may not suit the author, in which case he declines the offer and takes his wares to another shop. Authors' agents, middlemen better known in England than in this country, hawk about manuscripts among the publishing houses, and manage sometimes to have an author's sucressive works published by many different nonses. One result of this policy is that such authors have no one publisher desirous of publishing their works as a whole, so that it is difficult to get their books in sets, and individual works are not to go out of print. This has been the fate of Julian Hawthorne.

Publishers who are also printers put out many ooks that they would not take the risk of pub lishing on their own account. They sometimes appear as printers of such books, sometimes as ublishers. There may be reasons of taste why a house prefers to appear in the former capacity ather than in the latter.

MAITITURES IOUR EPISION.

The resilience of eliptoem month in Brocker.

The state of the post of the control of the con